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But, You Need Not Notice Me

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But, You Need Not Notice Me

Author Note

Sara is a twenty-year-old graduate student studying experimental psychology. She earned her first degree in English Literature, but later chose to pursue scientific research. She believes wholeheartedly in living life without bounds; thus, she eats ice cream once a week, despite her being lactose intolerant.

I am not a flower,

I am grass.

I do not blossom in the morning sun,

I am consistent, whether brownish or green.

There is no moment in which I am somehow lovelier than the last.

I am not so delicate as she,

I am capable and strong.

No, it is not I

That dies from a single cutting.

My roots run deep into the earth;

Perhaps, buried somewhere within the dirt you may uncover

A softer part of me, beyond the naked eye--such a part you'll get dirty trying to find.

I am not a flower.

I am grass.

I am warm in the summer sun,

I am cool in the morning dew.

I am a soft bed under the stars, the plush prick beneath your feet.

~But, You Need Not Notice Me